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# BLACKHAWK

OCTOBER  
No. 45

CAN THE  
BLACKHAWKS  
SAVE THEMSELVES  
FROM...  
"THE ISLAND  
OF DEATH?"





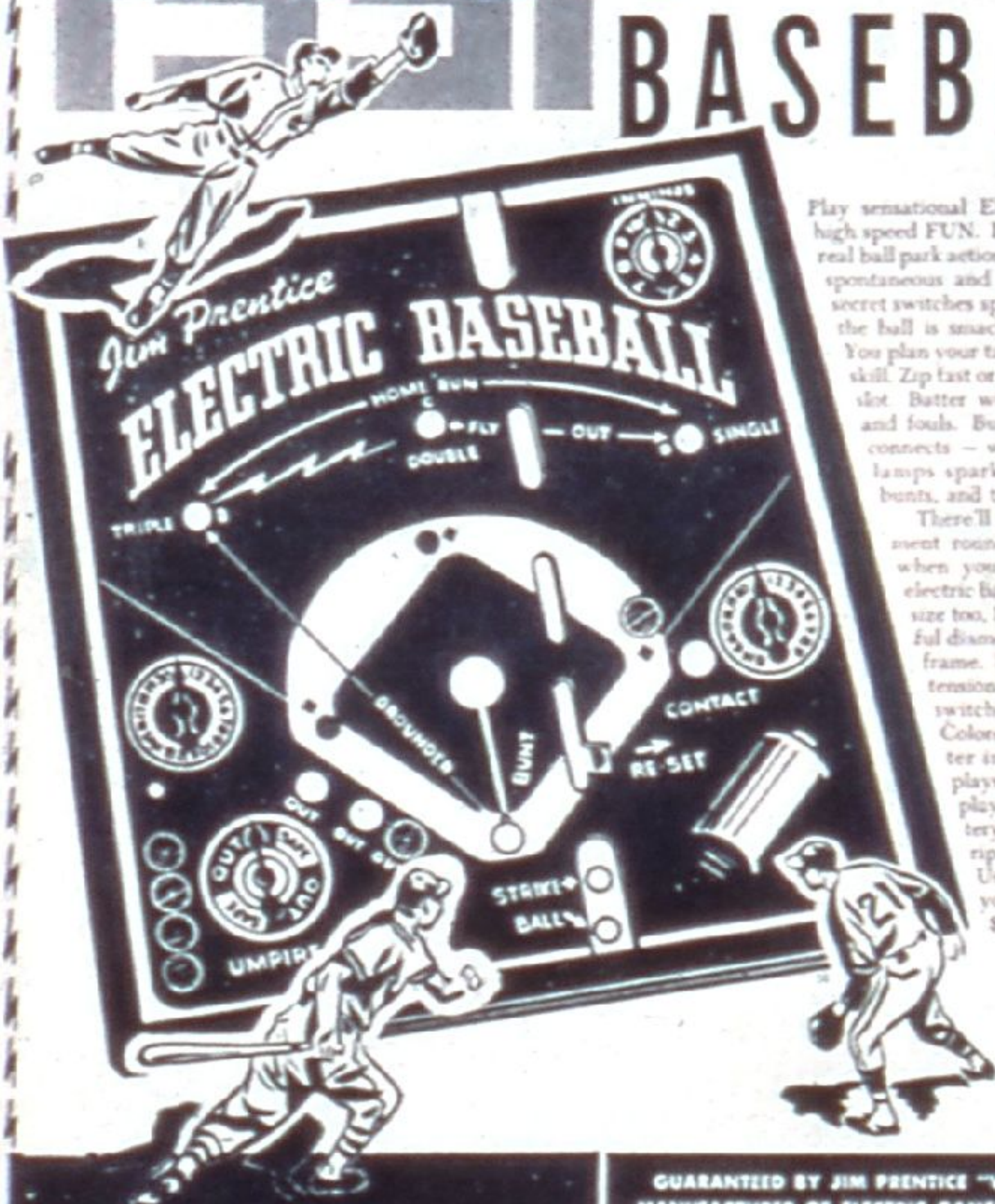


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# BLACKHAWK



THROUGH THE INFERNO OF MANY COMBATS, THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE RETURNED SAFELY TO THEIR BELOVED BLACKHAWK ISLAND! ALWAYS IT HAS PROVEN THEIR REFUGE AND SHELTER, THEIR SANCTUARY FROM DANGER! BUT WHEN BLACKHAWK ISLAND BECOMES A NO-MAN'S LAND OF HORROR AND DEATH, WHEN EVERY FAMILIAR OBJECT IS TRANSFORMED INTO A FATAL MENACE... AND THE VALIANT BLACKHAWKS FACE INESCAPABLE DOOM ON ITS ONCE FRIENDLY TERRAIN... CAN EVEN THE DARK KNIGHTS SAVE THEMSELVES FROM...

**The ISLAND OF DEATH?**

IN THE PRIVATE CONSULAR OFFICES OF A POWERFUL TOTALITARIAN NATION...

THIS IS A FANTASTIC PROPOSITION, ZASTOR!

BUT YOU SENT FOR ME! SO YOU MUST BELIEVE I CAN DO WHAT I SAY!

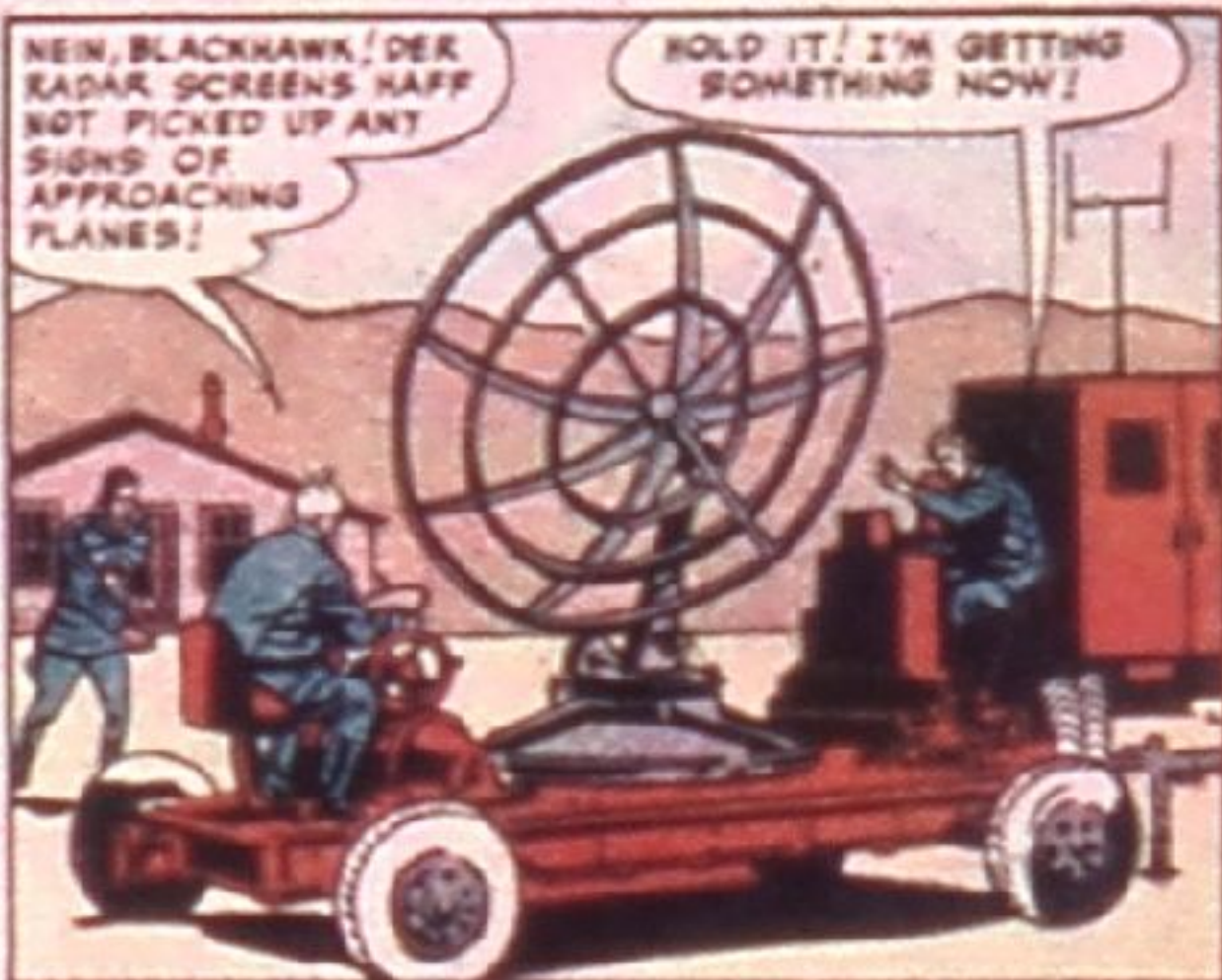


FRANKLY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT YOUR REPUTATION IS TOO WELL KNOWN FOR ANY PROPOSITION OF YOURS TO BE IGNORED, ZASTOR!

THEN I REPEAT! FOR A PRICE, I WILL DESTROY THE BLACKHAWKS!



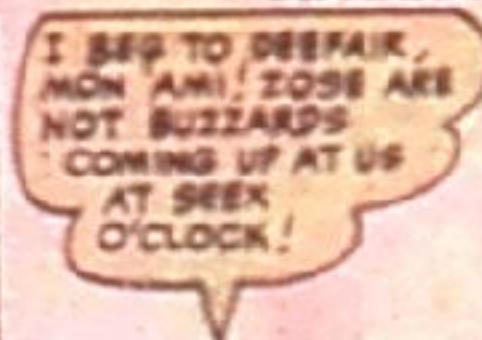




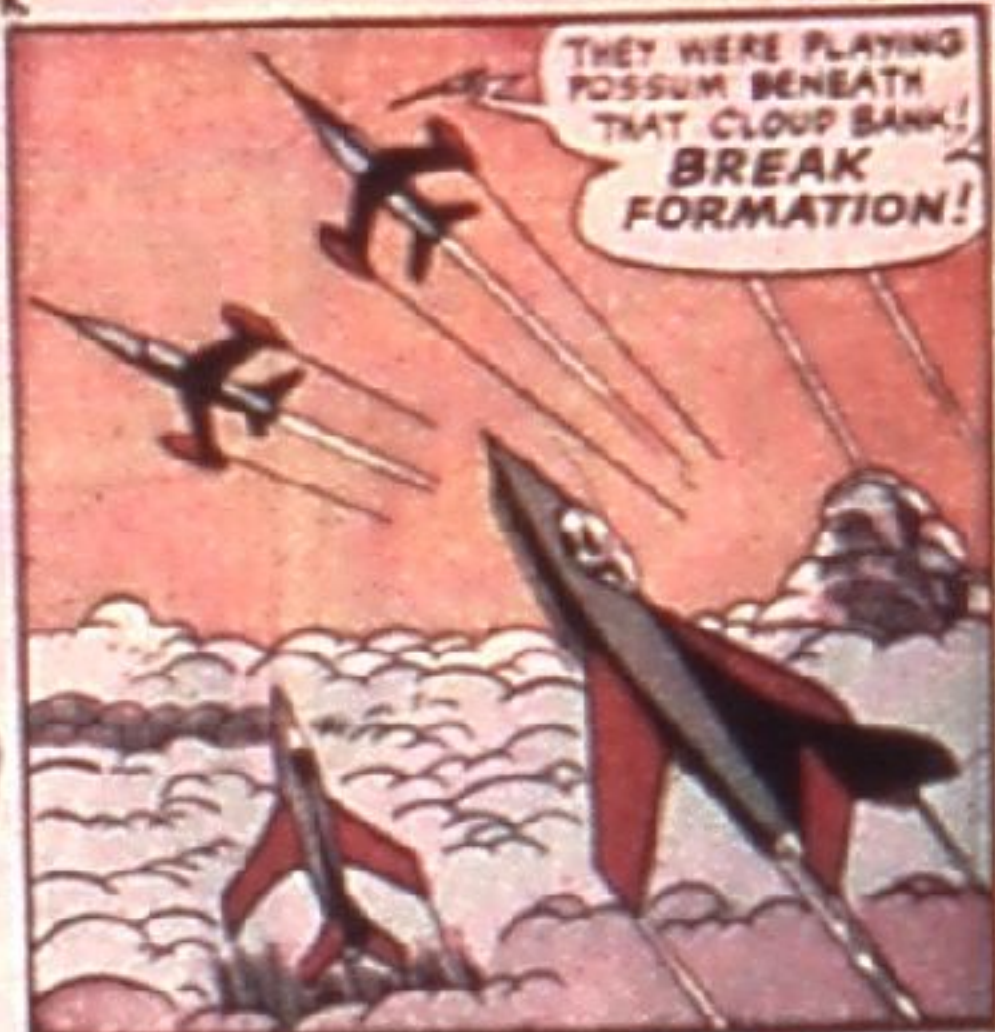




WE'VE BEEN ALOFT NEARLY AN HOUR, GANG! NO SIGN OF THOSE PLANES!



I SEE TO DEFAIR, MON AMI! ZOSE ARE NOT BUZZARDS COMING UP AT US AT SEEX O'CLOCK!

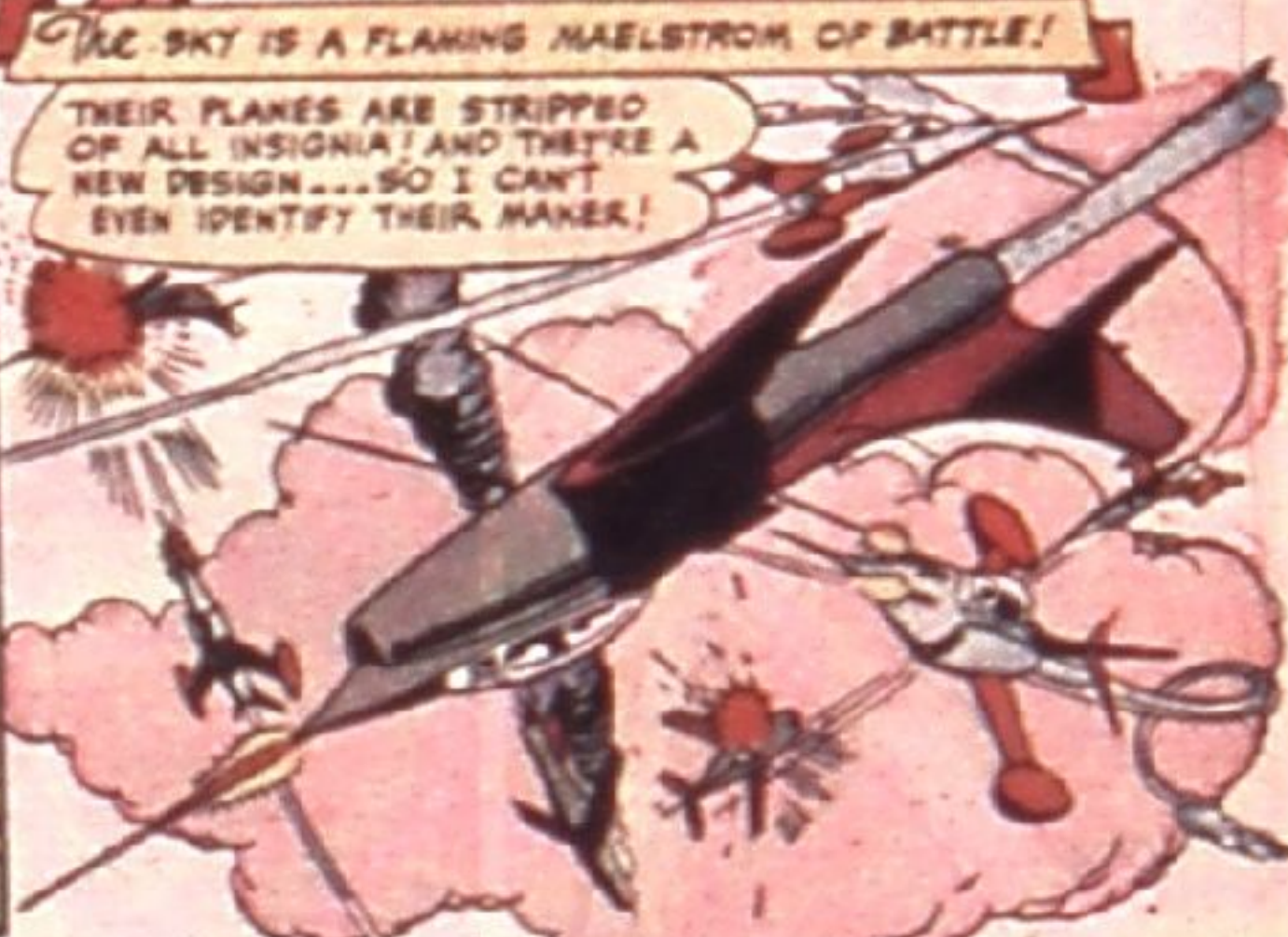


THEY WERE PLAYING POSSUM BENEATH THAT CLOUD BANK! **BREAK FORMATION!**



AN INTERESTING LITTLE TRAP! BUT WE'LL SEE WHO GETS CAUGHT IN IT!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



THE SKY IS A FLAMING MAELSTROM OF BATTLE!

THEIR PLANES ARE STRIPPED OF ALL INSIGNIA! AND THERE'S A NEW DESIGN... SO I CAN'T EVEN IDENTIFY THEIR MAKER!



BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE! OLAF GOT THE LAST OF THEM! THOSE FANCY FLYING MACHINES ARE NOW NOTHING BUT JUNK!



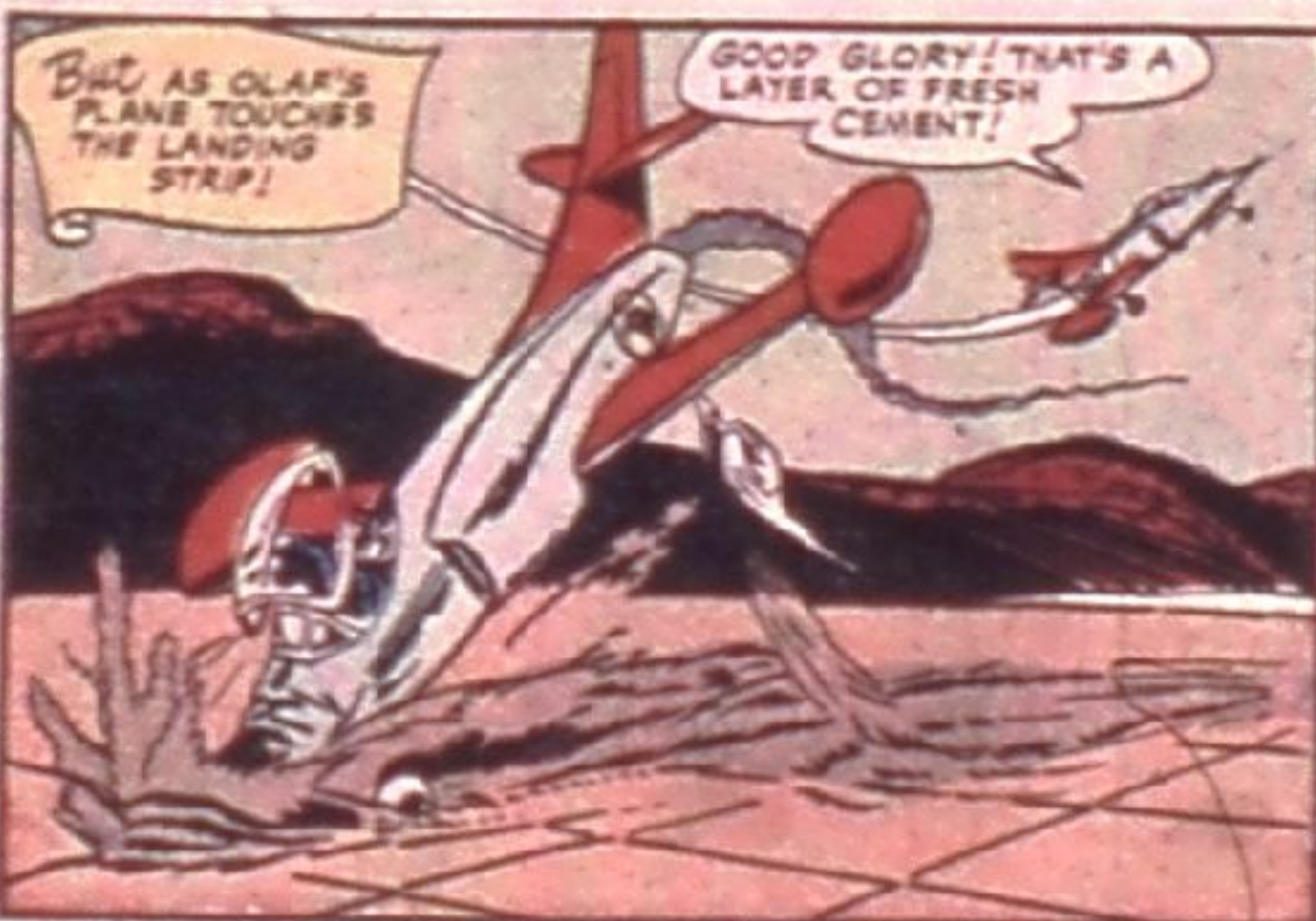
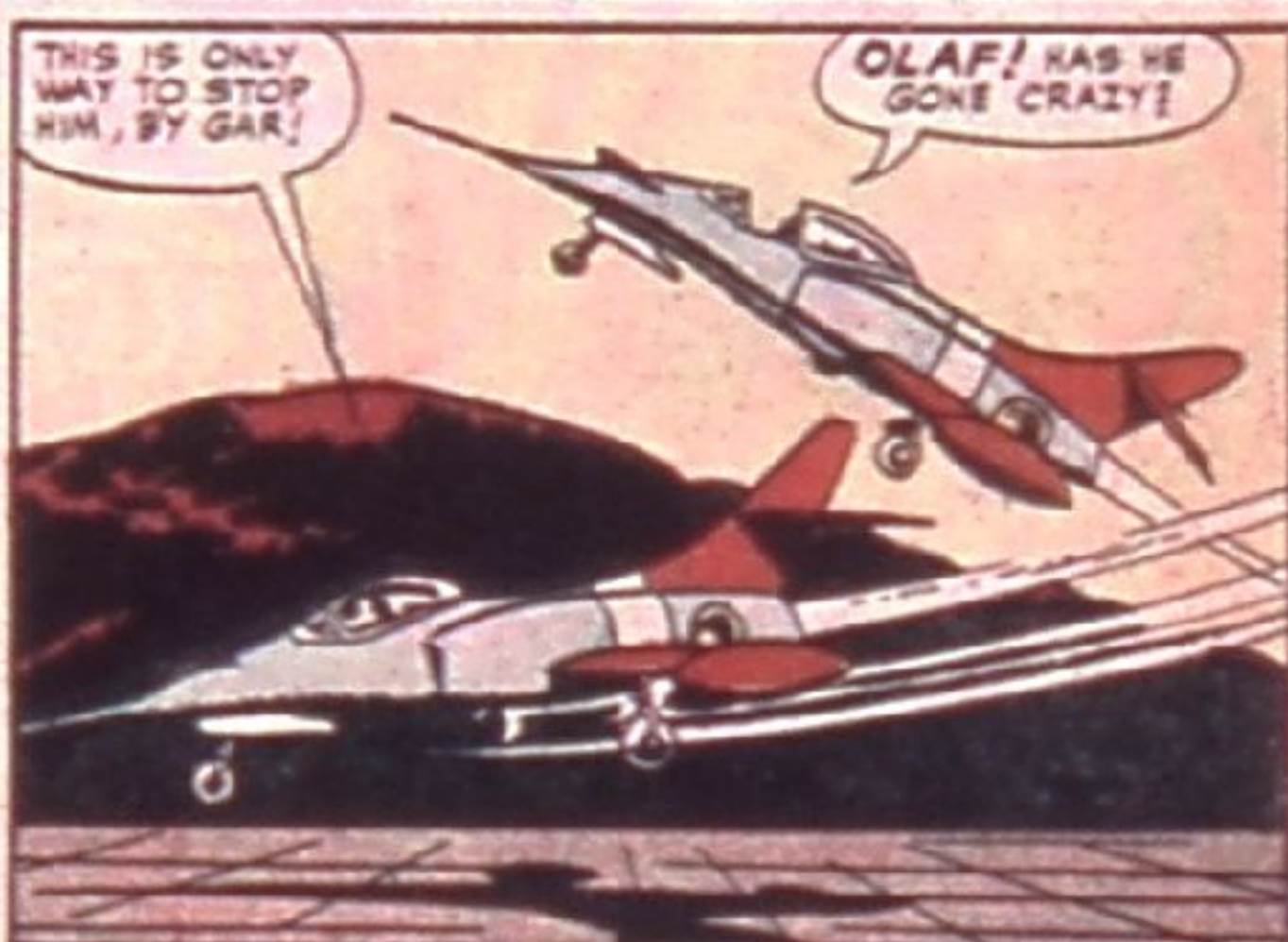
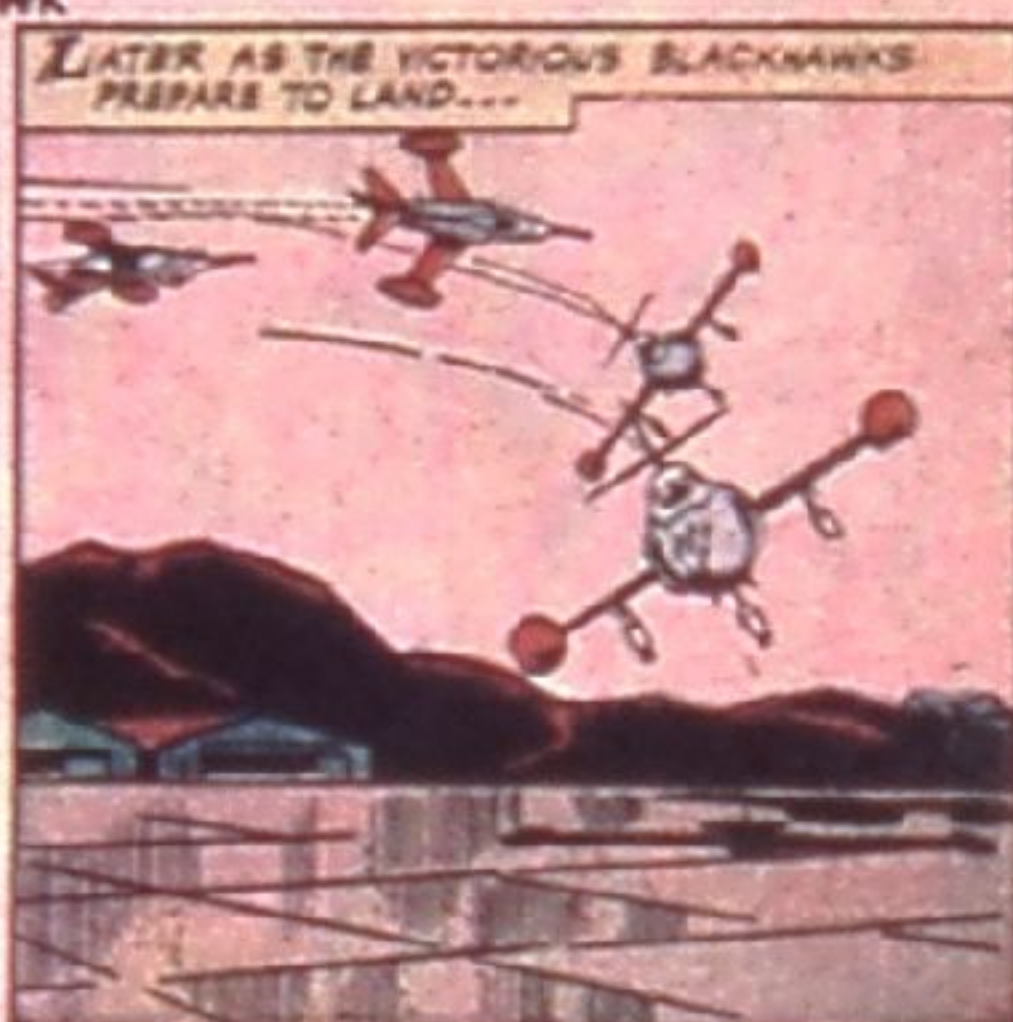
AT A HIGH-POWERED RADIO STATION TUNED TO THE BLACKHAWK FREQUENCY...

...NOTHING BUT JUNK!

SOME OF OUR BEST PILOTS AND PLANES... GONE! YOUR SCHEME HAS FAILED, ZASTOR!

NO! MY SCHEME IS JUST BEGINNING!







QUICKLY LANDING IN FLAT TERRAIN NEARBY...

GEE EBT  
TOO LATE?I'M AFRAID SO!  
NO HUMAN BEING  
COULD BE ALIVE  
IN THAT!DAS BAN REASON  
WHY I DID NOT STAY  
AFTER PLANE  
CRASHED!OLAF! YOU'RE  
ALIVE!I AM TOUGH LIKE  
ANYTHING! LUCKY TOO...  
WHEN PLANE THREW ME  
FREE ON CRASHING! I  
LAND IN THE SOFT  
CEMENT!HOW DID YOU  
KNOW WHAT WE  
WERE HEADING  
INTO, OLAF?AS WE BAN CIRCLING  
FOR DAS LANDING, I  
SAW THE TRACKS OF  
ANIMALS!THEIR  
TRACKS WERE  
PRESERVED IN  
THE SOFT  
CEMENT WHEN  
THEY CROSSED! IT  
TOOK KEEN EYE-  
SIGHT... AND A  
QUICK WIT... TO  
REALIZE WHAT IT  
MEANT, OLAF!SOMEONE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE  
TO BUILD THAT TRAP! THEY MUST HAVE  
KNOWN JUST ABOUT HOW LONG  
WE'D BE AWAY FROM THE  
ISLAND!EVEN THEN, THEY  
NEEDED CAREFUL  
PLANNING... AND THE  
MACHINERY TO DO THE  
JOB! SUCH THOROUGH  
WORKMEN HAVE NO  
DOUBT PLANTED OTHER  
TRAPS TOO!IF THEY TLY TUCKS  
ON ME, I CHOPPEE  
OFF HEADS!

EYAAA!

THE HANGAR BURST  
INTO FLAME!ANDRE'S  
INSIDE!











# BLACKHAWK



WAIT! DON'T TOUCH THAT SENDING KEY, CHUCK!

HUH? BUT CHOP CHOP'S LIFE IS IN DANGER!



THIS IS JUST WHAT OUR UNKNOWN ENEMY FIGURED WE WOULD DO! SEE? THERE'S A LEADER WIRE FROM THE SENDING KEY!

IT LEADS OUTSIDE THE RADIO SHACK!



JEHOSEPHAT! THIS WHOLE AREA IS MINED WITH EXPLOSIVES!

TOUCHING THAT SENDING KEY WOULD HAVE BLOWN US ALL SKY-HIGH!



THIS WAS THE JACKPOT, BLACKHAWK! IF ANY OF US SURVIVED THE OTHER TRAPS, THIS ONE WOULD FINISH US OFF!

DISCONNECT THE WIRES! THEN SEND OFF THAT MESSAGE FOR A DOCTOR! BUT DON'T USE THE REGULAR BLACKHAWK FREQUENCY!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BLACKHAWK?

OUR ENEMY... WHOEVER HE IS... WILL BE WAITING FOR THIS EXPLOSION TO SIGNAL OUR FINISH! WE'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE ISN'T DISAPPOINTED!



SOON AFTERWARD... I SENT OFF THE MESSAGE, BLACKHAWK! THE DOCTOR IS ON HIS WAY!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL GIVE OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND THE BIG BLOW-OFF HE'S BEEN EXPECTING!



BAROOOM!



# BLACKHAWK

NOT FAR FROM  
BLACKHAWK  
ISLAND....

HEAR  
THAT?

THE DYNAMITE CHARGE EXPLODED!  
I CAN SEE SMOKE OVER  
THE ISLAND!



I HAVE FINISHED THE JOB! THE  
BLACKHAWKS ARE DEAD! YOU  
CAN PAY ME THE PRICE WE  
AGREED UPON!

NOT UNTIL I  
SEE THEIR  
CORPSES,  
ZASTOR!



HEAD FOR THE ISLAND! IF  
ANY OF THE BLACKHAWKS  
SURVIVED, YOUR MEN CAN  
FINISH THEM OFF!



SOON....

EVERYTHING  
SEEMS QUIET  
ENOUGH,  
ZASTOR!

WHY NOT? IT IS  
THE QUIET OF  
DEATH!



HAWKAAAA!

WH-WHAT  
IS THAT?

IT IS  
THE BATTLE-  
CRY OF THE  
BLACK-  
HAWKS!



THEY CAN'T  
BE ALIVE! IT  
MUST BE THEIR  
GHOSTS!

I'M GOING TO ENJOY  
REPAYING A FEW OLD  
DEBTS!





# BLACKHAWK

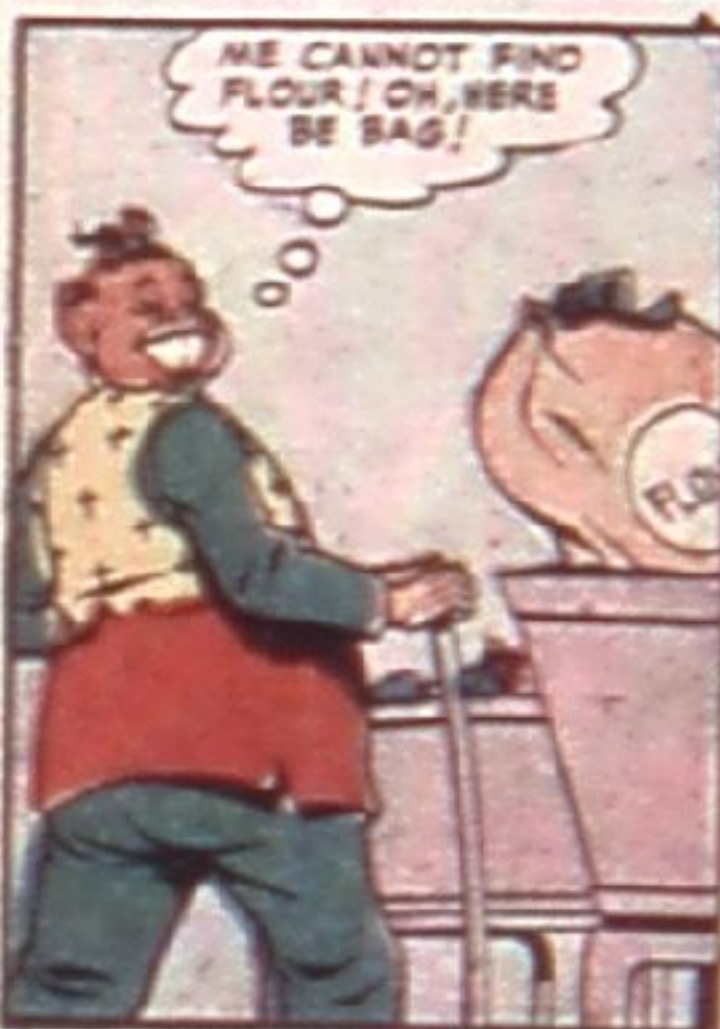




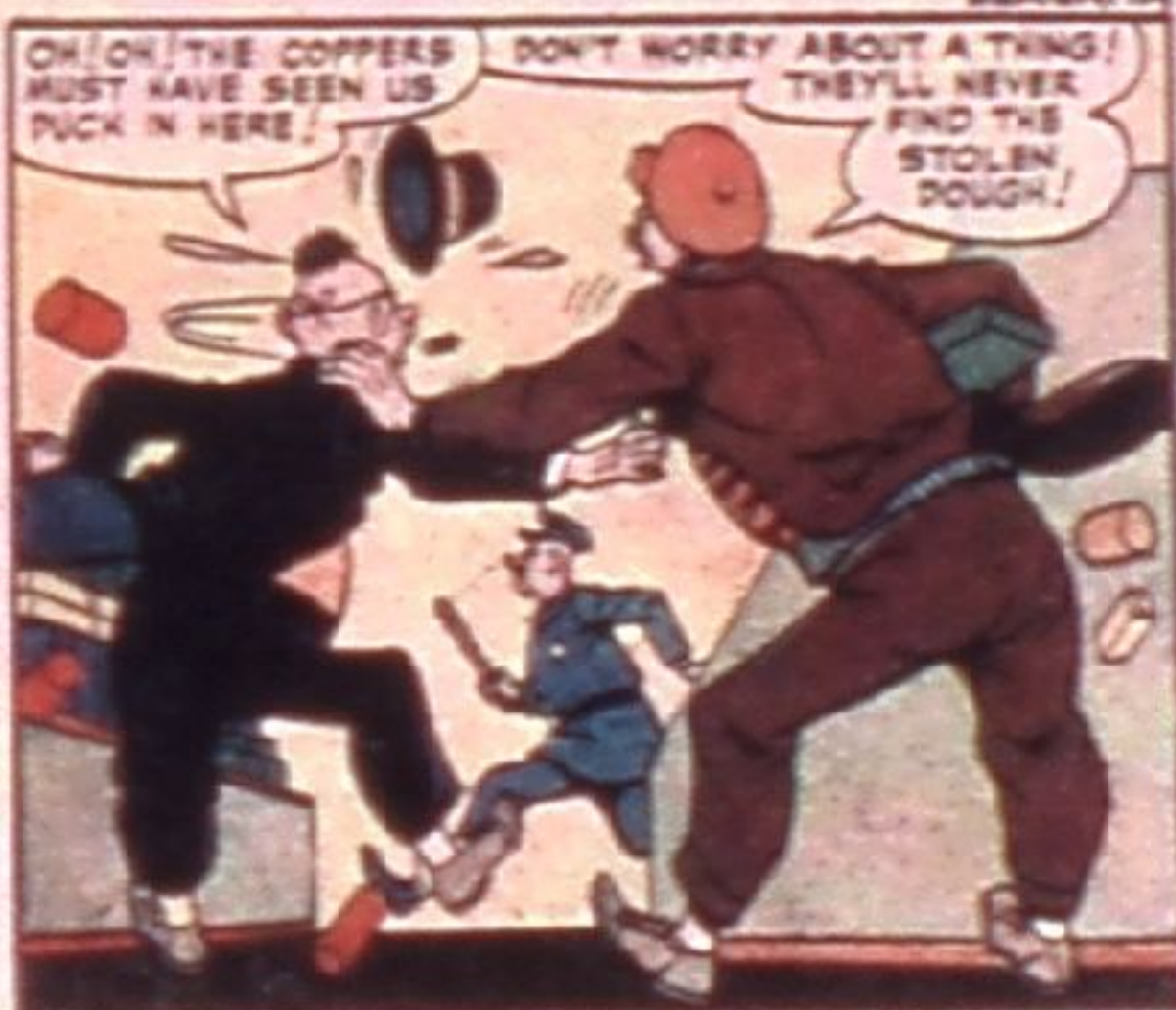
# Chop Chop



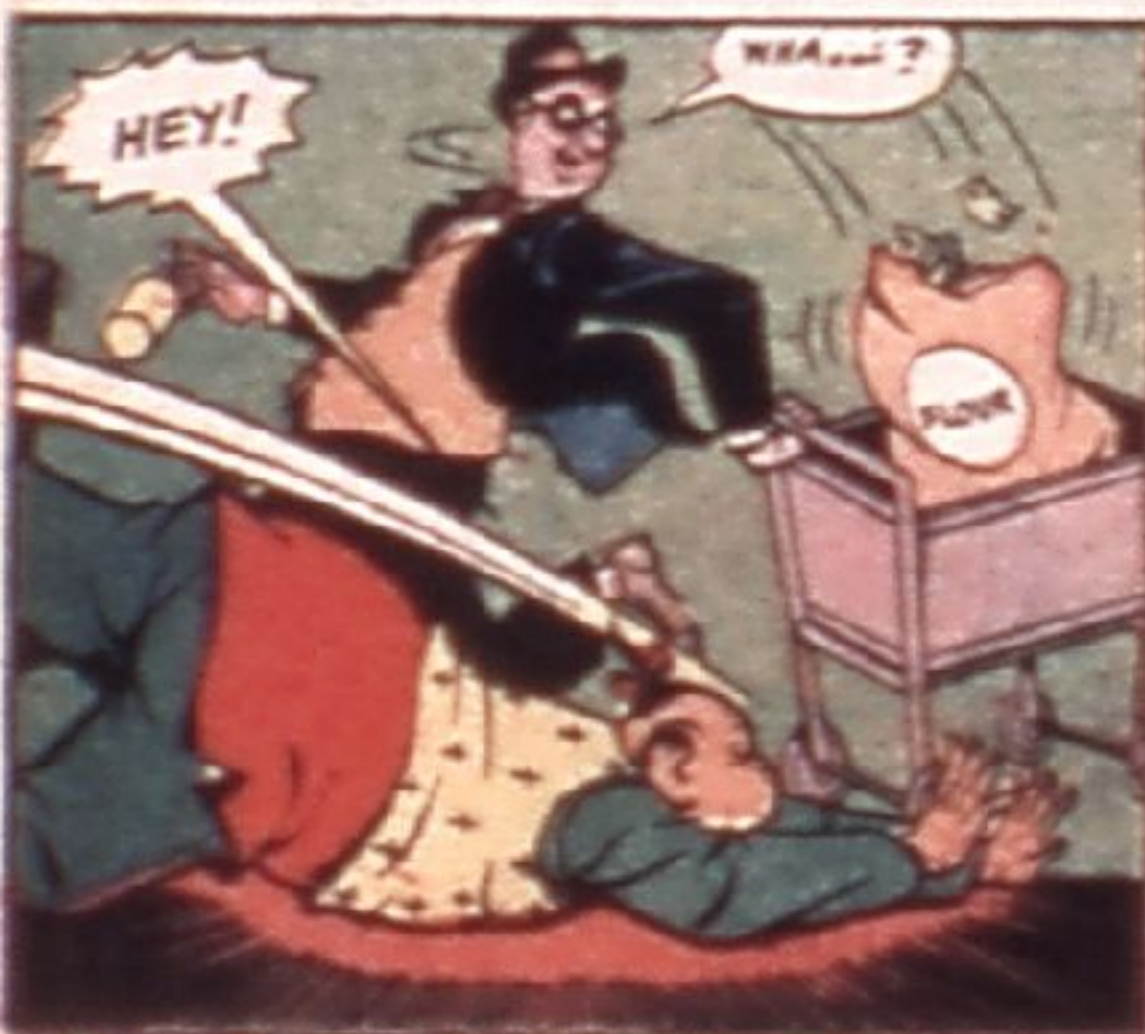


















# BLACKHAWK



## ORDERS FOR THE BLACKHAWKS!

FIND THE BOMB MISSING FROM THE LABORATORY OF DR. ANDREW SOMERS! IT'S SET TO GO OFF AT MIDNIGHT... AND IF IT DOES, THE WHOLE CITY WILL GO WITH IT!

YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE UNHOLY THREE! BUT NOTHING MUST STOP YOU FROM BRINGING IN THAT BOMB!

ONE DAY, A MESSAGE ARRIVES AT THE RADIO STATION ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...





# BLACKHAWK

PROFESSOR ALBERT SOMERS, THE FAMED PHYSICIST, HAS INVENTED A NEW, PORTABLE ATOMIC BOMB THAT CAN BE CARRIED IN AN ORDINARY SATCHEL! IT CAN BE DETONATED WITH AN AUTOMATIC TIMER!

THE GOVERNMENT BOYS WANT THE PORTABLE ATOMIC BOMB PICKED UP AND DELIVERED TO THE TESTING AREA! IT WILL ALREADY BE SET TO GO OFF AT MID-NIGHT! OUR JOB IS SIMPLE, LADS...

WE'RE TO MEET PROFESSOR SOMER'S ASSISTANT AT THE AIR-FIELD IN RUXBORO, AND DELIVER THE SATCHEL HE'LL BE CARRYING TO THE TESTING AREA BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

BUT SUPPOSE SOMETHING GOES WRONG? IF THAT TIMER EXPLODES THE BOMB BEFORE SCHEDULE...



LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT THAT! THEY CHOSE US FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT'S DANGEROUS... SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, CHOP CHOP?

YOU PROMISE CHOP CHOP VACATION, YES?



ME THINK NOW IS VELLY GOOD TIME TO TAKE SAME!

HMM! I CAN'T BLAME CHOP CHOP IN A WAY! THERE'S NO BRAVER MAN WHEN THERE'S FIGHTING TO BE DONE!



BUT IT'S ANOTHER THING TO MAKE A ROUTINE FLIGHT... CARRYING A BOMB THAT MAY BLOW UP IN YOUR LAP!

TO THE PLANES!



THE RALLYING CRY OF THE BLACKHAWKS SIGNALS THE START OF A STRANGE NEW ADVENTURE! BUT EVEN THE BLACKHAWKS DO NOT SUSPECT THE DANGER THAT LIES AHEAD...

**HAWKAAA!**





MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY IN RUXBORO...



THERE IS PROFESSOR SOMER'S ASSISTANT NOW! HE MUST BE CARRYING THE BOMB IN THAT SATCHEL!

OUR SECRET INTELLIGENCE REPORTS HAVE BEEN ACCURATE, SO FAR! NOW IT IS UP TO US... THE UNHOLY THREE... TO MAKE SURE THAT THE BOMB NEVER REACHES THE AIRPORT!



SOON AFTERWARD, AS THE ARMORED CAR WITH ITS PRECIOUS CARGO NEARS THE AIRPORT...

JOCKEY INTO POSITION AHEAD OF THEM! NOW TURN ON THE EXHAUST!



I... I CAN'T SEE! MY THROAT'S... BURNING...



TEAR GAS!

D-DON'T OPEN THOSE DOORS, WHATEVER HAPPENS!

I-I'LL PULL OVER TO THE CURB UNTIL SOME OF THAT GAS CLEARS OUT! I-I'M ABOUT READY TO PASS OUT!



THEY'RE HELPLESS INSIDE THERE! QUICKLY NOW, BROTHIS! IT'S UP TO YOU TO FORCE OPEN THE DOOR!

BROTHIS WILL NOT FAIL, GOLDA!



I ALWAYS SAID, BROTHIS, YOU WERE THE STRONGEST MAN I'VE EVER SEEN!

NOW IT IS JEDDSON'S TURN!





THEY'RE STILL SHOOTING!  
BUT MY LITTLE BLOW-  
GUN WILL QUIET THEM!



UHHH!

NO MATTER  
WHAT HAPPENS,  
THEY MUSTN'T  
GET THIS  
SATCHEL!



I MUST  
GET  
AWAY!

I RATHER EXPECTED  
SUCH A MANEUVER!



AND I WAS FULLY  
PREPARED TO  
MEET IT!



UHHH!

AT THIS MOMENT...

LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE  
ON THAT STREET  
BELOW, GANG! I'M  
GOING DOWN FOR A  
CLOSER VIEW!



IT *IS*  
TROUBLE!  
THAT'S THE  
ARMORED CAR  
WE WERE  
SUPPOSED TO  
MEET AT THE  
AIRPORT!



THIS STREET ISN'T  
EXACTLY A LANDING  
STRIP! BUT THIS IS NO  
TIME FOR  
QUIBBLING!







UH-OH! THEY'VE STARTED SHOOTING ALREADY!



BUT I LIKE TO FIGHT THIS WAY!



FINISH HIM, BROTTIS! BEFORE THE OTHERS GET HERE!

OOOF!



NO MAN CAN STAND UP AGAINST BROTTIS!

WOW! THIS GUY HAS A GRIP LIKE AN OCTOPUS!



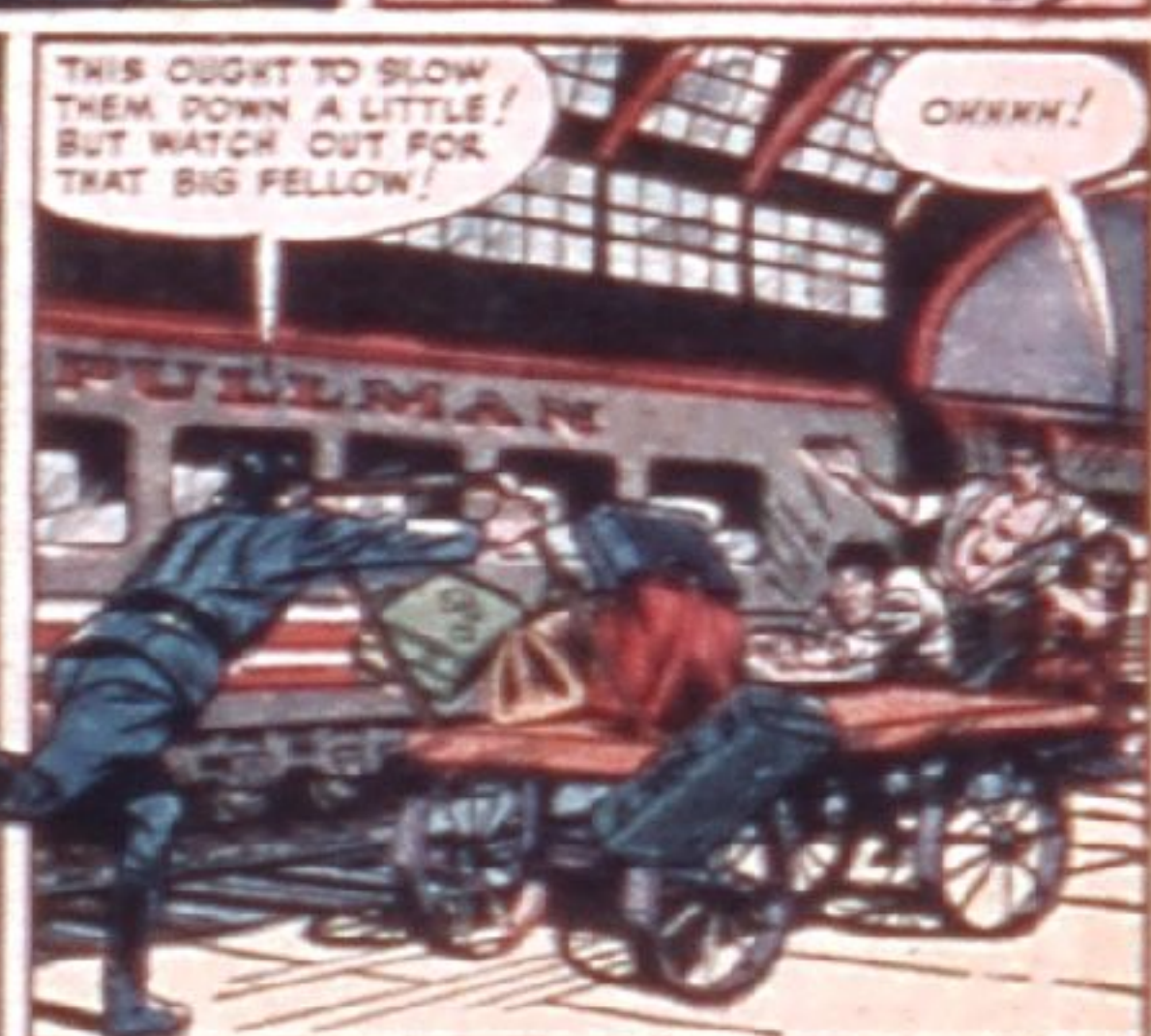
THE OTHER BLACKHAWK PLANES ARE TRYING TO LAND! BUT WE'VE GOT THE SATCHEL! COME ON!



SECONDS LATER...  
SORRIES TO BE LATE, BLACK-HAWK! BUT ZE CITY STREETS ARE NOT PERFECT LANDING FIELDS FOR SO MANY PLANES!  
THE...THE UNHOLY THREE! THEY'VE STOLEN THE BOMB!



# BLACKHAWK







NOW I'LL FIND OUT IF THAT  
JAW OF YOURS IS MADE  
OF CONCRETE!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? HE'S  
ALMOST HUMAN...AND  
**VERY UNCONSCIOUS!**



BROTIS HELD THEM  
OFF LONG ENOUGH!  
GET ABOARD THIS  
TRAIN, JEDDSON!  
IT'S PULLING OUT!

THEY'VE TAKEN  
BROTIS PRISONER!  
BUT I'LL GET ONE  
OF THEM!



DOWN, HENDRICKSON!  
THAT DWARK'S POISONED  
DARTS ARE DEADLY!

KALT'S  
HAUL!



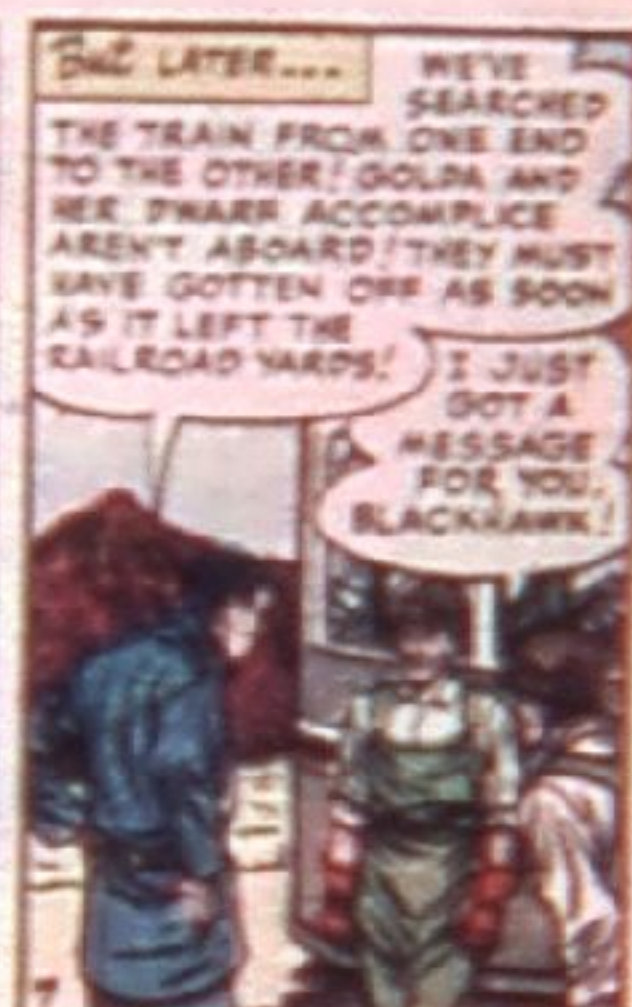
YOU LET  
DEM GET  
AWAY, BLACK-  
HAWK!

IT WAS TOO LATE TO STOP  
THEM! ALL YOU COULD  
HAVE DONE WAS  
SACRIFICE YOUR  
OWN LIFE!



BUT THEY'VE GOT PER BOMB!  
VOT CAN WE DO TO STOP  
THEM?

I'LL SEND OUT A  
GENERAL ALARM ON MY  
BELT RADIO! THE  
AUTHORITIES WILL  
KALT THE TRAIN  
BEFORE IT GETS  
VERY FAR!



**BUT LATER...**

WE'VE  
SEARCHED  
THE TRAIN FROM ONE END  
TO THE OTHER! GOLDA AND  
HER DWARK ACCOMPLICE  
AREN'T ABOARD! THEY MUST  
HAVE GOTTEN OFF AS SOON  
AS IT LEFT THE  
RAILROAD YARDS!

I JUST  
GOT A  
MESSAGE  
FOR YOU,  
BLACKHAWK!



# BLACKHAWK

IT CAME THROUGH FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS! THEY GOT A REPORT THAT TWO CHARACTERS ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION ENTERED THE VAN LAMM TERMINAL!

GOOD GLORY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON GOLDA AND JEDDSON WOULD HEAD BACK THERE! THEY **LOST** THE SATCHEL DURING THAT SCRIMMAGE! THEY MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE **WRONG ONE!**



MEANWHILE, AS THE FATAL HOUR OF MID-NIGHT APPROACHES...

THERE IT IS! THE SATCHEL ROLLED DOWN INTO THE TROUGH AT THE SIDE OF THE TRACKS!

CONGRATULATIONS! I'M SO GLAD YOU FOUND IT... FOR US!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME, BLACKHAWK!

I WISH I COULD OBSERVE THE USUAL COURTESIES---



...BUT THIS SATCHEL IS FAR TOO IMPORTANT!

OHhhh!



WHE-EW! LISTEN TO THAT TERMINAL CLOCK! IT'S STARTING TO STRIKE MIDNIGHT! BUT I'VE DE-ACTIVATED THIS BOMB!

PY YUMPIN' YIMINY! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN!



LATER, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

SAYS, HERE THEY TESTED THE PORTABLE BOMB AND ITS AUTOMATIC TIMER! THE TESTS WERE A COMPLETE SUCCESS!

YEOW! LOOK!



WOW! IT'S JUST CHOP CROP'S SATCHEL! HE'S BACK FROM HIS VACATION!

MON DIEU!

DONNER-WETTER!

BY GAR!





# VOICE OF THE IDOL

JIM KENDRICKS stood high in the Andes, looking over the huge hydro-electric "dam" being built under his supervision. Working with native labor wasn't easy at best but they were getting along all right. Bill Smith approached with a stranger in tow.

"Jim," he said, "here's your new radio operator. Just reported in."

"Fine," smiled Jim. "Take him down to the shack and send Judson up to me. I'll deal with him now."

Since the project was high in the mountains, communication was by radio. Judson, the present operator, had been incompetent—half drunk all the time and always causing trouble with the natives. The only thing Jim could do was get rid of him.

Judson approached Kendricks belligerently. "Lookin' for me?"

"I'm giving you your notice," replied Kendricks. "Draw your pay plus a month's salary in severance and transportation and leave!"

Judson paled and then lashed out. "Firing me, huh? You think you're a big-shot who can kick everybody around—"

"You're no good, Judson! A trouble maker! Get out and stay out! You're through!"

"You think I'm through? I'll give you more trouble than you ever expected! Nobody's gonna push me around!" Judson shambled down the path toward his lodgings, glaring back with an ugly hatred.

Three days passed after Judson's firing and everything had gone better than usual. But that morning was quiet—too quiet! Bill Smith barged into Kendricks' office. "Jim," he panted, "we've got trouble! None of the natives reported for work this morning!"

"What's that?" barked Kendricks. "What's wrong?"

"Near as I can find out," explained Bill, sinking into a chair beside Jim's desk, "their idol called Orta has spoken and ordered them to stay away. You know how superstitious they are. That rock god is near their quarters and last night it talked and told them to stay away from the project. Said the dam was against his wishes and that he would bring pestilence and plague down on them if they continued to work!"

"That's ridiculous," scoffed Jim.

"Don't be too sure," advised Bill. "They ex-

pect to hear him speak to them again tonight at the same time—sunset!"

Jim called a holiday and left the place. But near sundown he came for Smith and they walked toward the natives' quarters and the site of the stone idol, Orta. They saw the native workers gathered around, silent and waiting. They could feel the nervous tension in the air. Kendricks took Smith's arm and led him off toward a mountainous growth behind the idol where they wouldn't be observed. They stood quietly and then Kendricks placed his arm on Smith's and cautioned him to silence with a gesture to his lips. And suddenly the voice of Orta resounded over the valley.

"This is your god Orta speaking! All of you must listen to me!"

Kendricks lunged through the underbrush and the voice broke off with an abrupt squawk. Smith followed and saw Jim wrestling with Judson, the discharged radio operator. He saw Kendricks draw his revolver.

"One sound out of you and I'll let you have it," he muttered while Judson stared at him with hateful eyes. "Smith, come and take over. If this man moves, shoot him."

Bill Smith took the gun while Kendricks reached down and picked up a microphone that was lying nearby. Quickly he snapped off the switch and turned to Judson.

"I knew there was something fishy about this," he said. "I came up this afternoon and found Orta wired for sound. It's your idea of revenge, Judson, but I'm going to surprise you."

Snapping on the speaker, Kendricks started talking in the native tongue! He kept his voice in a monotone so that it would sound firm and foreboding. "Oh, people of Orta, you are obedient and I shall reward you. To test your faith, I ordered you to stop work. Now I command that you return to it, for this work will bring you great rewards. But I must warn you that there is an evil spirit here to betray you! A man named Judson of another race! If you see him again, you must destroy him! The voice of Orta must be heeded! I will speak no more!"

Kendricks turned off the switch and then quickly tore the wires out of the apparatus that controlled the loudspeaker inside the great stone god. Then he turned to Judson and laughed.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd start traveling! And I think I'd travel fast!"



# BLACKHAWK

And THE INVISIBLE MEN



THE SOCIETY OF ASSASSINS HAD VOWED TO DESTROY EVERY MEMBER OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE! AND THE BLACKHAWKS, GALLANT KNIGHTS OF THE AIRWAYS, WERE EQUALLY DETERMINED TO GUARD THEM AGAINST INJURY! BUT THE BLACKHAWKS COULD NOT GUESS WHAT KIND OF KILLERS THEY WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH... MEN WHO COULD GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN... MURDER WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT... ESCAPE WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED BY HUMAN EYES...  
**INVISIBLE MEN!**

LATE ONE EVENING, IN THE HOME OF FOREIGN MINISTER RECUERPO...

YOUR HOUR HAS COME!

DID I HEAR SOMEONE SPEAK? I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS H...

NO!









THIS IS THE ROBE OF INVISIBILITY! IT HAS BEEN TREATED WITH A SPECIAL CHEMICAL DYE THAT REFRACTS ALL LIGHT WAVES AND MAKES IT APPEAR ALMOST INVISIBLE!

I CAN HARDLY MAKE IT OUT, SPECTRA!



I WORE SUCH A ROBE WHEN I TOOK CARE OF RECUERDO! CLOAKED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN IT, WE SHALL APPEAR INVISIBLE IN NORMAL LIGHTING!



I CANNOT SEE YOU! THAT IS FINE! THE BLACKHAWKS WILL HAVE EQUAL DIFFICULTY... WHEN WE STRIKE AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE!



LATER, AS THE PEACE CONFERENCE BEGINS...

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT SO FAR, CHUCK?

NO SIGN OF TROUBLE, BLACKHAWK!



THE SOCIETY OF ASSASSINS WILL ATTEMPT TO MURDER EVERY MEMBER OF THE CONFERENCE! THAT WOULD SPREAD TERROR THROUGHOUT THE FREE WORLD AND DISCOURAGE EVERY ATTEMPT AT PEACEMAKING!

NO ASSASSIN WILL EVER GET PAST ME, BLACKHAWK!



I CAN'T HELP WORRYING, EVEN THOUGH I'VE POSTED BLACKHAWKS AT EVERY ENTRANCE! THEY... WHAT'S THAT?

OH HH!

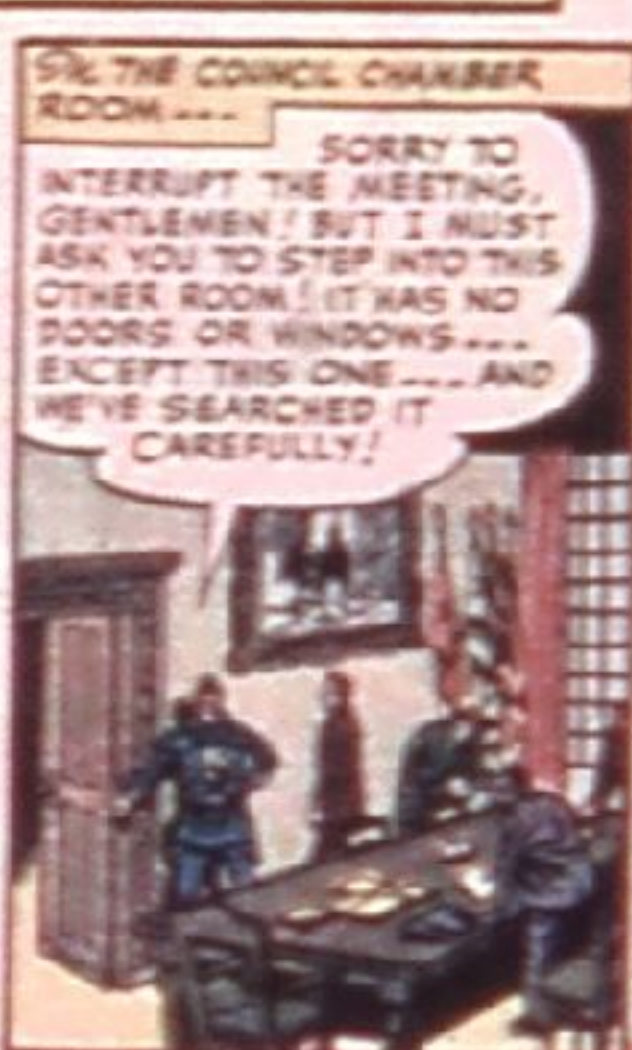


HENDRICKSON! HE'S BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS! BUT WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?

I... I HEARD... FOOTSTEPS...

















IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS, BLACKHAWK DUELS DESPERATELY WITH AN UNSEEN ANTAGONIST!

THERE'S THE GUN!  
SHE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

A CHILDISH TRICK,  
BLACKHAWK! I CAN  
EASILY SIDESTEP THAT  
ROLLING BARREL!



MAYBE YOU GET A  
BIG SURPRISE,  
MISSY!

EEEEEE!

BAH!



I'LL TAKE THAT GUN NOW!  
I GUESS YOU DIDN'T  
EXPECT ANYONE TO  
BE HIDING *INSIDE*  
THAT BARREL!

HEE, HEE!  
CHOP CHOP  
WAS INVISIBLE  
MAN!



LATER...

YOU'VE SAVED THE  
PEACE CONFERENCE,  
BLACKHAWK! NOW  
WE CAN GO ON TO  
CREATE THOSE SAFE-  
GUARDS NECESSARY  
TO KEEP THE PEACE  
IN OUR TIME!

AT LEAST  
YOU WON'T  
HAVE TO  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
SPECTRA  
AND HER  
SOCIETY OF  
ASSASSINS  
ANYMORE!



WE'LL TURN HER  
OVER TO THE  
PROPER AUTHORITIES FOR  
PUNISHMENT! AND HER  
"INVISIBILITY COSTUMES"  
WILL BE ANALYZED IN  
SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES!

THEN OUR JOB  
HERE IS DONE!  
WE'LL HEAD  
BACK FOR  
BLACKHAWK  
ISLAND!



A FEW DAYS LATER, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

SIX OF BLUEBELLY PIES IS  
MISSING! SPEAK UP, PLEASE!  
WHO IS THIEF WHO TAKE-UM  
PIES BEFO DINNER?



PARBLEU!  
WHO WOULD  
DO SUCH A  
TERRIBLE  
THING?

TSK-TSK! IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN THE...  
UH... INVISIBLE  
MAN!





**NOW YOU CAN GET ALL THREE!**



**T-MAN**

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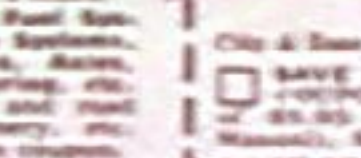
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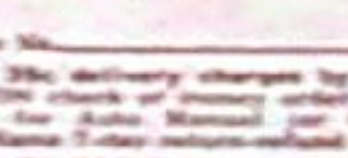
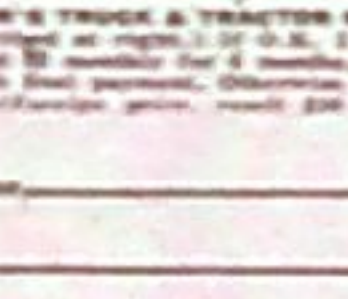
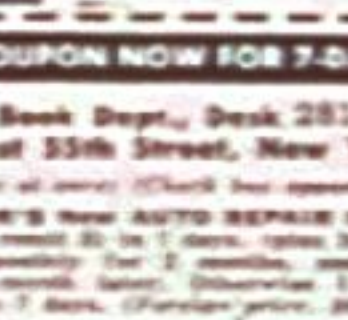
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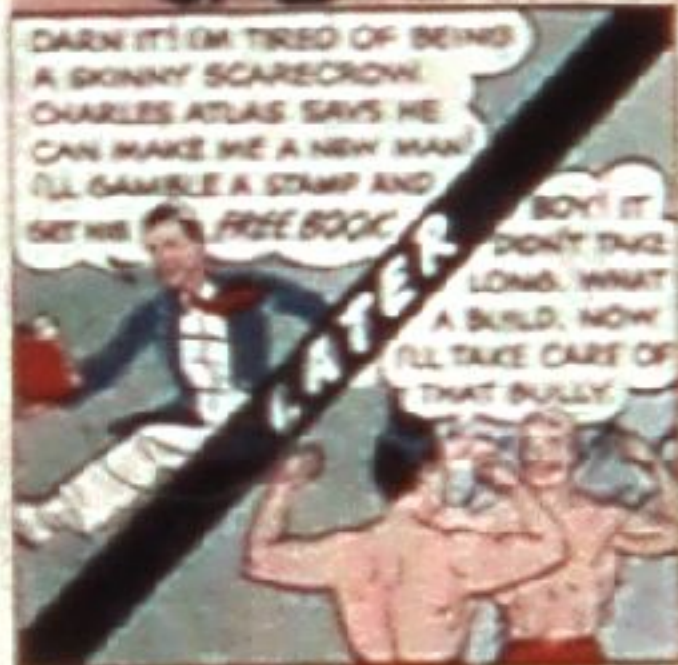
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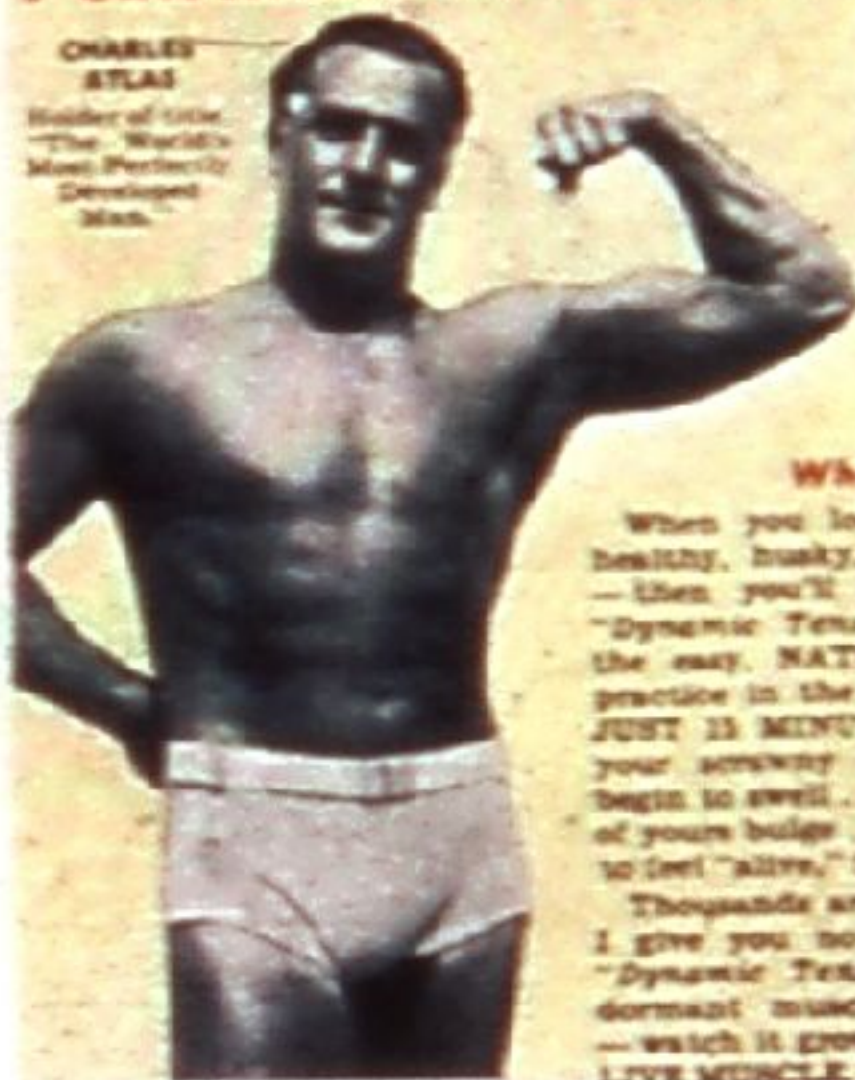
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